

Weatherspoon Art Gallery

Closed until March 17.

A. Doren March 18-April 15
Photography from "Americana Faces" and "Solarized Nude Studies".

Greensboro Collectors
March 22-April 22

A selection of privately-owned art works from collectors in and around Greensboro, scheduled to open on "Community Day".

Annual Student Exhibition
March 25-April 15

Spring Loan Exhibition
April 8-29

A small group of works loaned by New York art dealers, in Greensboro for purchase consideration by the acquisitions committee of the Weatherspoon Art Gallery Association.

MFA Thesis Exhibition
April 22-May 13
Senior Exhibition
April 22-May 13

Weatherspoon Art Gallery is located on the campus of UNC-G. Most shows have opening receptions on Sunday 3-5 pm. Gallery hours are from 10-5 Tuesday-Friday, 2-6 Saturday. Closed Mondays.

UNC-G Dance Division

MFA Thesis Concert April 6-8
8 pm, Coleman Dance Studio
UNC-G Dance Company Concert
March 21 & 23, 8:15 pm, Aycock

For further information contact:
Dr. Lois Andreasen, 379-5570



Community Day on March 25th is UNC-G's campus-wide event to increase student and public awareness of the diversity of the Greensboro campus. Everyone is invited to participate in Community Day. There will be things happening everywhere. Most demonstrations will be continuous between 1 and 5 pm. There will be student work in the outer gallery of Weatherspoon, and the main collection will be open with refreshments served. In the lobby of Taylor Theater there will be stage settings and costume designs, slide shows in the conference room, continuous screening of student films, and the Mime Troupe will be "doing their thing" outdoors all day. See what the faculty has published in McIver 334. There will be dance demos in Coleman Studio. The film, "Material Culture Through TV" will be screened on the second floor of McIver. The design studios will be open for public viewing. International displays will be staged in front of the International House. If you're interested in book binding and repair, papermaking and printing, go to the first floor of the Library for a demonstration. Special Collections will be open all afternoon. A film on Bertrand Russell will be shown in the Life Science Building, room 284. An open rehearsal for the opera "Falstaff" in the Music Building from 3 to 4 pm. In front of EUC the Concert Band preforms and from 4 to 5 Collequin will be in the Recital Hall. There will be plenty happening, so bring a friend and enjoy UNC-G showing its stuff. Further information can be obtained by calling Donald Jud at. 379-5430.

UNC-G Theatre

Scapino..... March 28-April

More information concerning theatre productions can be obtained by calling the Theatre Box Office, 379-5575.

TYP

The Theatre for Young People will present *Alice Through the Looking Glass* April 8-13. Information concerning ticket cost at time of performances can be obtained by calling 379-5337.

UNC-G School of Music

Faculty Chamber Music

March 14, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall

Men & Women's Glee Club

March 18, 3:00 pm, Recital Hall

Guitar Studio Recital

March 23, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall

Orchestra Concert

Aycock Series

March 29, 8:15 pm, Aycock Aud.

New Music Ensemble

April 2, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall

Jazz Ensemble

Aycock Series

April 4, 8:15 pm, Aycock Aud.

Barococo Ensemble

April 5, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall

Women's Choir & Chamber Singers

April 10, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall

Trombone Choir

April 17, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall

Lawn Concert

April 22, 4:00 pm, Cone Ballroom

Piano Studio Recital

April 27, 8:15 pm, Recital Hall



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CORADDI

Editor's Note

To begin with there is the very serious question of whether to continue. Have we met with any success here? Is it worth the effort that it might take to keep it going/growing?

I speak of the magazine itself. This year has been, and still is, an experiment. We have taken a very nice little literary magazine and turned it into something else altogether. For the first time we have consistently published articles and essays; and about dance, theatre and music as well as poetry, fiction and art. Was it a good idea? How do you, the reader, feel about it?

We have also instituted extensive advertising. Is it objectionable? Does the additional money justify its existence?

The opportunity exists to continue with the format we have used this year. Equally possible is the idea of going back to where we were a year ago, or moving in another direction altogether. Anything imaginable is possible for next year.

The choice will certainly be made; the question is by whom? If there is no reader feedback, then the decision will be made by as few as a single individual, i.e., next year's editor. There has been a *Coraddi* at UNC-G every year since 1896; undoubtedly it will be with us for a long time to come. What do we want it to be like?

There are a number of ways in which you may voice your opinion. Letters-to-the Editor (either the *Coraddi* or the *Carolinian*) are most welcome. Anonymous notes under our door, graffiti in important bathrooms, phone calls to our office or even direct confrontations at our door are also acceptable.

In the meantime, there is but a single issue left for this year. It will come out on May 1, and will be a special student art issue. If you have work that you would like considered for this issue, please call the *Coraddi* office at 379-5572. Good quality 35mm or 2 1/4-inch slider are preferred, but if you contact us early enough we can shoot these ourselves. There are no limitations on size, color, medium or subject matter. The deadline is March 19.

Shall this be the last issue based on the format we have used this year? The decision is up to you, but only if you let your opinion be known.

CORADDI

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More (Or Less) Than Magnolias

book review

by Lisa Brown

More Than Magnolias is, as the cover informs almost apologetically, "new writing by women in the South." This qualifying statement might well read "Works by beginning women writers in Greensboro with supervision by and scattered contributions from experienced women writers in Greensboro." If that is too much of a mouthful, then so is *More Than Magnolias* -- unless one is a friend of these women and/or particularly zealous about keeping up with Experimental Publications of Greensboro scene.

For *More Than Magnolias* is just that -- an experimental publication. The idea was born in a fiction writing class taught by Deborah Seabrooke a few years ago at the Y.W.C.A. Some of the women involved became friends, started meeting after class, and named themselves the Greensboro Group. It seems that many of these women, beginners or near-beginners, were anxious to produce an anthology of their work. The plan came together when Evalyn Gill generously contributed her \$1000 grant from the North Carolina Grass Roots Fund to partially cover the publishing costs; the book was optimistically underwritten for the rest.

"In *More Than Magnolias*, the reader finds a smorgasbord of experience," the back cover proclaims. In fact, all aspects of the anthology seem to be dealt with in smorgasbord fashion, from editing to layout to juxtaposition of subject and style. Not that one can't find

any good writing in this book -- there is quite a bit of that, though none of it can be called brilliant -- but the works are arranged in a way that is less than perfect for maximum appreciation of each as a separate entity.

This first became a distraction when I had finished reading Lee Zacharias' "The Photograph Album." The story, about a young girl's coming to terms with her grandmother's oldness and death, is well-written, cohesive, and genuinely touching without being sentimental. Excellent. I was pleased with such fare. Then I was confronted on the next page by *another* story about old people. Two pages into it, I'd had my fill of the subject. I was grateful that readers of anthologies are allowed to skip around.

Seventy-odd pages later, the same thing occurred. The heroine of "Persimmon Time" by Read Moss tries (successfully) to deal with grandpa; then I tried (impatiently) to deal with "Grace's Golden Years." This story, about (what else?) an old lady, disappointed me with its multitude of fantastic events for which there was little buildup or support. I became apprehensive. Sure enough, this phenomenon occurred again less than sixty pages later. Candace Flynt's "Honey," an interesting piece about two *more* old people who spend a lot of time on the porch, is followed by yet *another* old people story. The characters of this one spend a lot of time on the porch, too, but they have little in the way of personality and there is, alas, no sex involved.

This strange layout technique also produced an unfortunate blending effect in other stories of similar subject matter. Annie V. Bell's "The Place," a science fiction story of sorts about children discovering a utopian underwater universe in the backyard pond, gets off to a promising start but trips along the way: I couldn't quite believe that nine-year-old William, who seemed average in every other way, could notice that a box contained "copper and platinum wires...diodes, terminals, and two tiny sound tapes." The story finally falls headlong into an abyss of clichés. As if this were not embarrassment enough, "The Place" is followed by a well-written, real science fiction story about an underwater hell of sorts. "The Castaway," by Paula S. Jordan, turns out to be about a monster familiar to us all. I enjoyed this story immensely; all the elements seemed in place and the words flowed effortlessly. But the burden of its blatant comparison with the less than effective preceding story was forced upon me like unsolicited advice from a six-year-old -- and I could not bring myself to appreciate this comparison in the least.

I experienced my foremost problem with blending of subject, however, in the section entitled "She Is In A Wood." Skeptical of nature poetry in the first place, I wandered through a series of redundant forest images, certain that I was lost in the monotonous landscape, until I stumbled upon Ann Deagon's "The Hornet's Nest." At last -- a consistent, original metaphor and vivid

language! But even this fine poem could not compensate for the repetitious effect of four mediocre nature poems in a row.

I am pleased to say that my worst apprehension about *More Than Magnolias* was not realized: there were few blatant "bitter, abused woman" poems or stories. Admittedly, Marie Gilbert's "Stripper" is embarrassingly sexist and trite with its "Winter Wind, the chauvinist pig," and Ann Deagon's "Twins" is a bit strong for me, though I appreciate the technical skill it displayed. These poems are balanced out nicely by Sharin Francis' "Chromosome Crucifix," a neat, witty summary of a common problem between the sexes. "For Years," by Teo Savory, and Shirley Dixon Vatz's

"Garden Plot" are equally fine poems on this subject.

More Than Magnolias has several drawings and photographs scattered amid the written works. The drawings are, for the most part, unimpressive; Betty L. Harris' goldfish was the only one I enjoyed. I was, however, somewhat more impressed by Ms. Harris' photographs, especially the one on page 86 -- a stark silhouette of a tractor against a vast, empty landscape of duned snow. This is, in fact, one place in the book where the photography compliments the poem on the opposing page: the poem, Nancy Steele's "From a Letter," is as clear and competent as the photo, and the subjects connect well. In both, winds "moan like wives/

who have lost their men ... their curse ... piped through miles of frozen passage."

I hope I have established that there are works that merit reading in *More Than Magnolias*; if one hasn't the willpower to get through the less skillful pieces, he should at least appreciate Margaret Boothe's "Smithsonian Album," Linda Brown Bragg's "Regina She Fat and I'm Skinny," Susan DeVaney's "Harry Budd," Evelyn Gill's "Pause," Muriel Hoff's "W.H. Auden Wherever You Are," and Jane Smith's "To an Admiring Bog." Works that should *not* be missed are Janet Krigbaum's "At Last Analysis" and "At Each Juncture," Margaret Maddox's "Little Brother," Shirley D. Vatz' "Long Distance Call," and Sandra Redding's "A Tin of Tuberoses."

If you are willing to deal patiently with a sometimes-irritating layout and can take the mediocre writing with the good, then perhaps *More Than Magnolias* is worth reading. At any rate it is an important local event. The book is available at Atticus Books in Forum VI, but grab it up quickly, though -- only 1000 copies were printed. If you can't find one there, contact a member of the Greensboro Group. They're planning to use profits from this first effort to finance other, perhaps more professional, anthologies.

Readers interested in other works by women authors in North Carolina may be interested in the most recent publication by Red Clay Books in Charlotte, called *Love Stories by New Women*. Edited by Charleen Swansea and Barbara Campbell, this anthology contains works by individuals known throughout the country. It may be ordered through Atticus books for \$5.50.

In addition to the Greensboro Group there are a number of other organizations here in North Carolina devoted to the publication of women's literature. *Women in Communication*, at 2237 Crescent Ave., Charlotte, N.C. 28207, is primarily concerned with those individuals in the journalism fields. *Lollipop Power*, at 310 Weaver St., Carboro, N.C. 27510, "produces and distributes non-sexist/non-racist educational materials" for small children, and is open to all interested women. "Free Minds," at 421 Hill St., Raleigh, N.C. 27611, is an annual magazine of poetry, short stories, essays and artwork by women in prison, with the goal of influencing the negative stereotypes that are normally placed upon such individuals.



FICTION BY STEPHEN HARDY

THE PARIAH

Mark sat on the couch and quietly watched as Marti listed all the faults she had found in him the last six months and those she expected to find in the future, trying to work herself up to the point where she could leave with the proper sense of finality without slamming the door. Though he did not understand it, the list was neat and well organized and he felt he should be writing it down for future reference, for he knew what she was saying was true. But he supposed it was enough to sit there and realize that Marti was telling herself in his presence that she had had it, and now that he had gotten the point he stopped listening. It would be best if she left now, because he would be depressed in a few minutes and she would only interfere. He would not tell her this because she would not understand. She would only get more upset or worse would feel sorry for him and apologize, which would only postpone the inevitable. She was right; she was better off without him.

She finished and asked if there was anything he'd like to say. He shook his head; there was little he could say and even less he wanted to say. She stood with her head bowed and her hands behind her back, her standard pose for confession.

"I think it would be best if we no longer saw each other." Mark just looked at her and said nothing. She raised her head.

"Don't you think so?"

He appreciated her fairness but could see that she was weakening and remained silent.

Nodding, she went to the door but turned without opening it, her eyes wide, staring. He silently begged her to go, and when she didn't he had to get up and leave himself, going to the bedroom but leaving the door open slightly so that he would hear her when she went.

After a silence that seemed interminable he heard the front door click. He threw himself onto the bed and lay on his back with his arm across his eyes, waiting, listening to the refrigerator hum in the kitchen and to the noise of the traffic outside, wondering why he couldn't concentrate.

Marti might still be out there.

She might have just closed the door and sat down to wait for him to return. Quietly he got up and peeked out the door. The living room was empty but there was still the hall, so he went to the front door and peered outside. The hall was empty; she was gone.

With a sigh Mark went to the kitchen to turn off the light. The darkness felt good, appropriate, and he went through the apartment and shut off all the lights until he returned to his bedroom. He fell on the bed, got into the most uncomfortable position he could manage and waited. Slowly the last hour replayed itself in his mind, clearly and well edited so that the most important and damaging things were seen vividly. Yes, he must have deceived her, made her feel foolish, unloved. Yes, he had made her cry. Often. How he didn't know. His throat tightened, as it should have, and he welcomed it.

Mark remained with his hands tightly clenching the head of the bed and his long body twisted for as long as he could stand the ache of his muscles, until the review of his confrontation with

Marti had been repeated to his satisfaction. He should leave now, and he got up and went to the closet to feel for his jacket in the dark, unsure of where he would go. It did not matter; he would just walk and think, eventually finding himself in a strange part of town at three in the morning without the ability to think anymore. The night would be spent in a hotel because he wouldn't be able to face the apartment knowing that sleep was impossible. The hotel bill would take all the money he had on him and he would have to walk home again, which would force him to miss work.

He laughed. None of this would happen. He knew Boston too well to get lost and he couldn't afford to lose a day's pay for what would amount to about five minutes of sympathy from his colleagues. Still, there was no harm in putting on the jacket. The idea was noble; it would signify his good intentions.

In the dark the silhouettes of furniture stood like tree stumps in the woods. He liked it; it was almost ominous. He began to tour the apartment and found some wine glasses standing on the counter in the kitchen. At first they looked like Marti's, but they were not; she had not left them there, had not forgotten them in her rush to leave the apartment. Had she left something else then? His wandering became a search, one that was bound to be futile without some light. The fluorescent bulbs would be unbearable but there were candles which would only give a faint glow, just enough to see. He dug through a drawer until he had found one and lit it with the matches he had in his jacket pocket. The candle threw shadows around the kitchen, adding an eerie touch to the gloom. He smiled.

Mark could not keep something that was hers; he would have to return it, if she would let him. She would call and ask for it back. There would be business-like orders to bring it to a neutral site, the Common, where he would arrive twenty minutes early to sit on a bench to wait for her. He would fall into competition with a mime, trying to see who could make the sadder face. Even without make-up Mark was confident he would win.

She would come up behind him and cough. He would stand, face her, and they would stare at each other without speaking. He would try to smile but not succeed as he realized that she had not changed her mind. Reaching out he would offer her the offending object which she would take with a nod. It would be time to go, and he would turn and begin to walk away.

"Mark, please stop." She would motion him to the bench, sit beside him, lean her head on his shoulder -- and he had found it. With his fingertips on its edges, he pulled the album from the rack in the living room. Cat Stevens, with no inner sleeve; Mark examined the record and its jacket as well as he could in the candlelight and satisfied himself that it was in the same condition as when she gave it to him. He switched on the light, removed his jacket and knelt before the coffee table. It was covered with dust, which he wiped off with his sleeve before placing the album in the table's exact center, the album's edges aligned perfectly parallel to those of the table and the candle by the upper left-hand corner. It was Marti's album and she would want it back. She would want him back and would call to use it as an excuse to see him.

"Hi Mark? You know that album I lent you? Yeah. Well, I wonder if you could bring it over. No wait, I'll come and get it. I hate to bother you --" But he was a fool; there was no reason for

her to call. Her explanation was total, she was through with him. Again the scene replayed itself, her anger and frustration more apparent than before so that there was no doubt. She would not want him back and to think otherwise was only a futile concession to his ego, one that he should not tolerate. There would be no reconciliation; she was gone and he was alone as he deserved. The phone rang.

He started and stared at it, determined not to answer. It was difficult to believe that Marti had thought of the album so quickly. Perhaps she had left it on purpose. No, and even if she had it would only have been to give her an opportunity to make sure he understood that she had meant what she said. He did understand, but he lifted the receiver anyway.

"Hey Mark? This is June." He would not hang up; that would be an insult. This problem was his alone and no one else should be hurt by it. "Are you busy?"

"No."

"Well is it all right if I come over? I've got a few problems." As a friend June was entitled to his attention.

"Yeah, sure, come on over." She thanked him and hung up. It was not the best time for such things, as was June's way. But he would not tell her, not tonight; he would sit very patiently and listen to her, sympathize or at least appear to. She would find out later and apologize, her eyes wide in disbelief as she asked him how he could let her rattle on while he faced this thing by himself. But his problems were unimportant and he would tell her so; he did not wish to burden her while she was already upset.

He wandered into the bedroom and changed his clothes, which

were too tight, too neat. The jeans with a hole in one knee felt much better, as did the flannel shirt which hid his protruding ribs as he buttoned it. It occurred to him that waifs were this thin, this pale. Could you be a waif if you were over twenty?

Probably not without effort and it would take much effort to hide everything from June. June was not a particularly perceptive girl, but she might notice a mistake on his part. She would not mention it until after she was feeling much better however, just as she was leaving. He could lie, but again friends deserved something more, though he would say as little as possible. To say too much would be self-indulgent, and he was not self-indulgent.

The doorbell rang and June rushed in, apologizing for bothering him as she threw herself onto the couch. Mark sat in a chair opposite her so that he could see her face and reactions clearly.

June ran a hand through her hair in exasperation. "I don't even know where to start." She sat with her head back and her eyes closed as she described the difficulties she was having with her thesis. It was nothing new; she had mentioned her anxiety last year when he was doing his Master's work, but he tried to add a touch of understanding to the sadness in his smile. Another confidence crisis, a thing easily solved, as he had done for Marti and June in the past. Still, who was he to turn these people away? He was no better. In some way he was worse, a way no one understood. He must be worse, there was no other way to look at it. But he could build June's confidence, and afterwards she would ask her questions.

Continued on page 19

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EDWARD ALBEE

interview

by Scott Dodgson

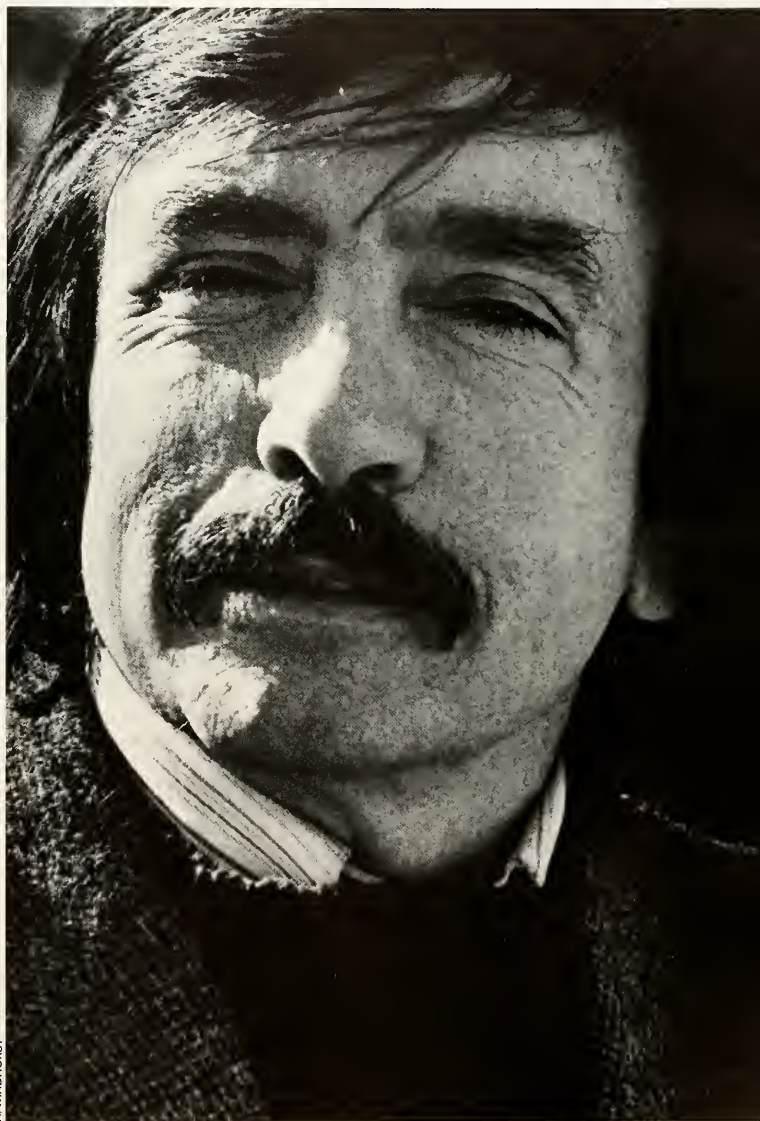
Edward Albee does not speak Philistine. Yet it is the Philistine in all of us to whom his message is most urgent.

This very problem of human communication in a world of increasing callousness is a recurrent theme in Albee's work.

Mr. Albee brought a similar message down from the mount to UNC-G, when he spoke at Aycock Auditorium on Thursday, January 25th, about the "playwright verses the theatre," and his message of conflict in art was very clear. The theory of conflict in art as a social tool was crystalized the following night, when Albee's own production company presented *The Zoo Story* and *The American Dream*.

Mr. Albee lived in the obscurity of New York's Greenwich Village for several years before writing his first play, *The Zoo Story*, in 1960. Since then, Albee has become the most produced playwright in America. He has written nineteen plays to date, including *The Death of Bessie Smith*, *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*, *Tiny Alice*, *Malcome, Fam and Yam*, *Every Thing in the Garden*, *The Sandbox*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, and *A Delicate Balance* and *Seascape* for which he was awarded two Pulitzer Prizes. Albee's themes concern complacency, apathy, elaborations of distorted love and the failure to communicate.

At 51, the playwright feels he has reached the half way point of his career. He expects to write 18



A WINDHORST



B. MURDOCK

above: scenes from *The American Dream*, originally produced in 1960 and currently on the Road with *Zoo Story* (1958) under the direction of Albee himself.

or 19 more plays before he is finished. His next, *The Lady from Dubuque*, should open in New York off Broadway in the spring. Albee's current effort is entitled *Attila the Hun*.

Albee is the single, most successful, talked about and respected writer for the theatre that this country has produced in nearly a generation. Albee feels a strong commitment to all the arts as a social tool and referred to art metaphorically in his presentation at UNC-G.

Albee theorizes that between television and the poor quality of American entertainment films, this country has managed to turn itself into a "generation of escapist" rather than enjoying an intellectual engagement. He feels the "idiots of Hollywood" should act as protagonists in this engagement and elaborates on this theory by comparing the arts in the Soviet Union to the arts in the United States.

Art in the Soviet Union is controlled by "intellectual thugs" high up in the bureaucratic ladder. The Soviet practice in controlling the arts is that of "isolating the Soviet citizen, then hoping for a semantic collapse much like that of Orwell's *1984*." On the other hand, the United States has a greater problem: apathy. In the final analysis the Soviets find it much more effective to send their dissidents to the United States for here "they will surely be forgotten."

Albee thinks the health of the arts and the health of the human spirit are linked to those who govern us. During the Eisenhower years art stood in a state of mediocrity. The Kennedy years, on the other hand, marked a period of renaissance for American art. The Kennedy administration devoted more money to the arts, creating a great surge of artists active on the national scene, and helping to change the social

scheme of America. He associates himself with the young artists of the sixties. This close association of art and government was allowed to flourish during the Johnson years, but when Nixon was elected that renaissance slowed. Albee himself maintains a close but critical relationship with the government by serving on the boards of the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Endowment for the Arts, as well as Amnesty International.

In a public workshop at UNC-G, Albee also discussed the act of creative writing. For Albee, his subconscious formulates characters and a context in which they will perform. Plays are then brought out into the conscious mind and tested for their strength and validity. Albee places his characters in different situations to test the believability and strengths of the characters. If the characters fail they go back into the subconscious. Albee uses no outlines or other devices to write his plays; he trusts the characters to write the play for him, even to the point of modifying the outcome of a play to suit his characters intentions.

Albee combines a myriad of musical compositions, metaphysics and an innate ability to hear the play. This inner ear is what inherently gives Albee the ability to write fascinatingly simple and dynamic dialogue.

In his style and his presence, Albee protracts thoughts and feelings in such a way that he makes you feel drained and illiterate. In order to create art in Albee's world one must have "the will, wisdom and the stamina" to relate to the metaphor of art.

Edward Albee, artist, social critic, revolutionary and innovator is simply timeless in his approach to life and leaves us without a doubt that he is one of the most significant figures of our time.

SPECIAL **poetry** SECTION

ARTWORK BY PAMELA DONNELL



Ron Woodell *Editorial*

someone told me the hardest
part of writing was learning
what to throw away
however, I have found
that it is resisting the temptation
to throw away everything

there sits a man beside my bed
he wears no hat
and I cry for him
it's cold when the wind blows and you have no hat

Tom Hawkins *The Sex Change*

It's outrageous, I say, but fine, okay.
They melted away your hair
with loaded needles
and carved you like a turkey,
answered every prayer,
a war against each cell
that ticks
with a permanent male idea.
Your will and surgeon's art
made you
a simple request
between castrate and fool,
barren and beauty queen,
striding on your newly shaven legs.
Someone in there,
neither sex,
wanted out
but couldn't find a door--
did this.

Gene Hayworth *Prelude (for Erika)*

I like the way the rain complains
sometimes at night.
Her song is light
and beckons the remains
of memory from slumber's numbing chains.
Link after link the lucid light
of recollection bids the night
farewell, as dreams seep cleanly through the throbbing veins.
On other nights the rain is hard
and masturbates the gentle earth--
recalling breath.
Those nights imagination's dreams are scarred
and, with twisted agony, they die in birth.
No dream has ever known a subtle death.

Scott Baker *Walnut Shells Lie Black and Dead*

Walnut shells lie black
and dead on
the ground
In quarters
or thirds:
I'm no botanist.

And something
Tells me a
Dead man trimmed
This hedge the very week he died
But I merely
Cut the lawn
For seven
Dollars.

Families only come
around this
house for weddings
and worse, but
I'll be here
next Tuesday.

Clyde Smith

evenings in pathetic isolation.
evidences of a so-romantic angst gone awry
surround the crouching figure.
drenched in dreams of withdrawal
he constructs internal realizations:
the bag from A&P filled with fur
and feathers becomes "Womb Mournings,"
glass affixed to the empty Scotch
bottle becomes "Fragment Soundings."
scribbles on old schoolpads
compile sensations randomly.
taking bricks from below
he piles them into the attic
and then glues splinters to the ceiling.
succumbing to the shock of neural exposure
he curls up in a box in the corner
and dreams:
bone breath pulse juice



Lisa Brown *In the Park*

"I could care less what particular barns
God slept in (be they red or brown),
am not interested in his countless encounters
with fools: I only wonder if he sees
the triteness of Gospel-Hour salvation
and, laughing, turns away to play
dice with the universe," said the brown-bearded
black trench-coated young agnostic
to the calm and dignified old
Catholic lady perched on the other end
of his army-green park bench
(as the trees sagged under the weight of
heaven like huge, bedraggled, ugly weeds)

byron woods *a book report on peter rabbit*

schlitz in a champagne glass
evoking vague memories of assorted beery good evenings yes
eyes dried up and shining bright as bones
hell i been belching poems from the bottom of a mud-spattered bottle
that's been around, y'know, a couple of times

spillin beer all over the electric typewriter

christ

fire extinguisher goop all over the place typewriter bottle me
in order of decreasing appearance sparky inna corner
yellin "dat's a hot one, cholly"
he's a punk, dead

drunk

and the last thing i remember is getting lost
between the words on the page

byron woods

don't be afraid -- how often are you lonely?

what happens when the mail doesn't come?

and how intimate the insecurity at 3 a.m.

when the world's about ready to make up its mind about whether it will roll over in your sleep or not: no one's

around, including you almost

have nights embraced you like familiar deaths say of
assorted uncles/aunts (venerable to be sure) and you saw it
locking you inside the reality

which must be in quotes, of course and screamed (at his patient and of course dark smile) "why?" to which it raised a seductive eyebrow, looked at you (like time must sometimes y'know when you leave the meter running and you'll of course just be a minute -- any one of them) from everywhere, and whispered, like night does so bitchingly well down there, 'why not?'

John Pope *The Line (as seen by the artist)*

O, for the times without time I was there
And wished against wish I were here
Wide and bare the beach, then
Nakedly flat and still almost a virgin
Under the shiftless clouds
Mists ponderous, sink upon that line of gray
The beautiful, beautiful line
Barren between the roaring sheets of swirling rain
And the stolidity of concreted sand
An artistic line between the two, dividing
Not drawn by vulgar penciling bastards
But rather by nature unchangeably serene
Lying gigantically on the chords of lyrical
silence
The beautiful, beautiful line

Clvde Smith

I gazed in mock surprise at the stigmata
revealing themselves on my feet.
I had expected a sign.
At first they seemed to be mosquito bites
or tiny, circular rashes.
Ignoring them by day,
I scratched them in the dark.
This morning I awoke from dreams
of puncture wounds and chainsaw blades
to find blood beneath my nails
and two, perfect, quarter-inch deep holes
that had once been sores.
The holes deepened and pierced my feet
as I watched.
Now I wait as my wounded feet scab
and my palms begin to itch.



Herbert Gambill, Jr. *Three Summers*

I. Where are you, Joe Kozak?

I walked around the terminal for seventeen surprises
before boarding the plane
I recounted it all to a stranger on the wing
over three hours and ten states...

Joe Kozak was a sailor from Nebraska
I think he's in the Mediterranean now, scraping barnacles
it was in Toro Park, California that joe told me
the three greatest lies of all time
one of them was, "the check's in the mail!"
drunk and exhilarated, as I was, he had to drive my car
he drove jerry's car once, with equal splendor
later, at a hungry house in Pacific Grove
jerry's wife was showing me her new painting
she played the record her friend had just stolen
from Odyssey Records on Cannery Row
(once, the consumer stole a warped record and returned it
demanding a courteous replacement)

joe played simple chords and bass runs on a cheap
guitar--very poorly
joe told us of his three summers between college-yes
his trips to Alaska and the trains he exploited-yes
(he fancied himself a marxist cowboy)-yes
"A person could make the difference,"
I said to joe, who knew better
in Las Vegas, joe lost silver dollars at a
blackjack table because he was distracted by the dealer
(a pretty coed from Las Vegas U., majoring in indecisiveness)
and in Mexico, joe spoke all the Spanish he knew
and danced into a church and prayed that he wouldn't
catch the clap

I last saw joe in Texas where he let me take
his only authorized photograph, which he has never seen-
he doesn't need to-he has claws of his own



II. Saxophones in the Real World

We ascended over the Pacific and turned right at Oakland...
on my eighteenth birthday, I received a five-band radio
(which I wasn't supposed to have in basic training, sir)
I hid it under my blanket, at night, and using the earphone
listened to people in the real world

I have gone through friends and failed to keep in touch
I have tried too little and too much
straining to please and growing to die
I have listened to the stories behind
everyone's chopped off fingers and toes

"A different person could make it,"
I said to them, who knew better
so many just nice people - I try to charm them and say good-night-
a favored dinner guest

We were once instructed:
primarily, be a good listener-yes
and generous with possessions, time and compliments-yes
young and delving over her awe-stricken orbs-yes
and I believed: violins are our disposition but
my soul is a saxophone--prapso

To sleep without something
to look forward to other than a xerox of today
compromising, I succumb to exhaustion and murmur to a brick,
"I feel like a prisoner among free people, who incessantly
sharpen their talons, feverishly ferment their talents"

But this is a cowardly lie--prapso
the next morning I load my camera
and let the light make love to the silver

III. Flight Insurance

He showed me his new girl friend
like she was his brand new car
he ordered all the options, has a very good warranty
he presented her with a pair of diamond handcuffs
and told me, aside: My car knows two seasons:
windows up and windows down
she needs an oil change, desperately"
but he let her block rust and crack apart

I became a little too un-friendly with her, perhaps
she brought wonder to unwonderful things and times
and understood saxaphones and could cool flames
an awful treasure to bear--prapso
here, idleness replaces fastidiousness-young and delving
but when I'm alone, the greatest thrills will not-yes
replace the emptiness like her face does-yes
a face with all the hope left in the world-yes
immaculate grill-work, he points out
we venture to Iceland

we have an alternate route planned to not arouse suspicion
and a trunk of salt to melt it down

but this auto thief was just taking a joy ride
and abandoned the vehicle-it's just like they say
when you buy a used car you just get someone else's problems

I purchased another plane ticket and cancelled
my insurance policy-left it parked at the San Francisco
Airport to be reclaimed by the owner-stop
I had been away for three summers
traveling from one beautiful, wretched mistake to another

"A difference could make the person,"
I said to myself, who knew better
and I corrected, you have claws, Herbert,
claws all your own
and he stared at me from the wing
intense and fomenting
...the stewardess continued,
"all hand-carry baggage must fit underneath your seat"
and then emergency procedures were explained

Tom Hawkins

A Member of the Garrison

the crack, the shell against the chamber,
jolts the stock against the bone in my shoulder--
the flesh and sudden wings of smoke,
the subtle stroke at the other end,
the little red entry hole and exit gash
where air rushes endlessly in.
the immortal statue folds in resignation.
politics do these things.
I am two of many hands.
those nervous small fingers
clutch at my throat.
now I am at the other end
with my hands tied behind my back.
I laugh and drink.
the crack of the shell jolts the stock.

Lisa Brown

Old Woman in Line at a Grocery Store Checkout

I picked her out among the calm
melee of matrons; her hands,
now gnarled, had once known
gesture with grace, and on her face
I found that subtle, distant look
of one who has nearly flown.

She might have been a dancer, paint-
brush of ivory and gold,
but those boring, burdened middle years
mundane make-a-living years of
cotton-dust factory air
those manufactured feeling years
of dime-store-novel tears
got in between the rising curtain--
a child's new-woven dream
and the one which fell -- an
old woman's shoddy patchwork of fears.

So gray she stands, stoop-shouldered
in unchoreography
with this lunging, milling, stopping,
awkward line of precarious asymmetry
behind her is a child-mother balancing
a wriggling, blue-blanketed infant
in one arm
in front of her is the back of
an ancient woman's decade-faded
patched and mended overcoat.

She'll be doing this for a few more years.

Lisa Brown

Panning on the seashore for
white gold dust by moonlight,
I found something else instead--
A slightly less elusive thing
beneath a ripple's surface
a slightly iridescent thing
with just a hint of red
(though had I seen it only by
the moon's cold color-sapping light
I never could have said
for sure). It wavered through the wave
as if, by some magician's power,
just then materializing there.
I thought it must be dead,
for cowries (if that's what it was)
are shy, and hide among the rocks--
and there it lay instead.
I broke the surface, picked it up,
and in its mirror-smoothness saw
my own reflection, wavering, gaunt,
a long-drowned sailor's face.
The cowry was alive. I tried,
by tickling, to persuade my hand
to leave it in its place;
but on a whim I put it in
my pocket. I knew it would die.
I also knew I had to see
it in the light of day
where reason soon elucidates
a mind, and mind evaporates
our ocean-fears away

Clyde Smith

On Grantwood's "Woman with Plant"

her spiked, clay-potted plant
could be a sword of retribution.
she carries the not-smile of a non-Venus,
with constant eyes that face the blaze.
she-the western woman alone,
her menfolk buried beneath the prairie,
the pioneer of loss.
she has stood the test
of the life-sapping horizontal plains.
her virile, skyward-thrusting companion
is proof of her voyage.

THE PARIAH

Continued from Page 8

June was becoming more relaxed; her legs crossed and her hands in her lap, she began to look about the room. Perhaps she would notice his rumpled clothes or the candle which still burned on the table in the middle of the brightly lit room. All he had to do to keep her talking was nod occasionally and he found himself doing it automatically as he stared at a patch on her jeans. He supposed he looked preoccupied, which was not consistent with his assumed role. If she mentioned it he would change the subject. But she changed the subject herself by asking for something to eat. With a smile he rose and got some cheese and crackers from the kitchen but when he returned he found he had no place to put them.

"Why don't you move the record?" Ah, she was getting somewhere at last. "Better yet, why don't you put it on?" He complied, slowly, then sat on the couch next to her so that they could see each other more closely.

"How's Marti?"

He would have to watch the tone of his voice and the phrasing of his sentences if she was to be prepared to hear the news in the proper spirit when she left. "Oh, just fine. Great."

"Well, I've gotta go." Too soon. They both got up. "I'm sorry I bothered you."

"That's okay, nothing bothers me much. Now." She smiled but said nothing. "Uh, please pardon the way I look."

"I hadn't even noticed. You look fine."

"I don't feel fine." That was too blunt. "It's nothing really." It was happening too quickly, he had no control. "It's just that Marti and I -- well, she ..."

"Do you want to talk about it?" He just looked at her, trying to decide what to do. "Sit down."

He had to hold himself to just that information he wanted her to hear. "It's my fault really."

"We'll see. Now tell me what happened." She pressed him back onto the couch and began to fire questions at him. It was all he could do to make sure that none of the blame was placed on Marti, for it was she who was the injured party. June did not agree.

"It's no one's fault; things like that just happen."

"No, someone had to do something or else she'd still be here."

"That doesn't mean it was you. To tell you the truth I think Marti's a fool to let you go, but that's just my humble opinion." She believed it too; he could see it. Why? He told how Marti had carefully explained the whole thing to him not three hours ago to his satisfaction. He didn't know why June could not understand and he said so.

She smiled. "Look, do you have some wine to go with these things?" She indicated the cheese and crackers and he nodded. "Good. Go get it and we'll talk some more. By the way, why is this candle here?" He could only manage a shrug. "Well either use it or blow it out; you're only wasting it." He remembered the comfort of the darkness and switched off the lights. Her smile grew broader.

He tried to pull himself together as he went to the kitchen to get the wine. He needed to get June out, he needed to be by himself, to return to where he had been the last time the lights were out. He had not felt this way for at least six months. He didn't like it.

The look June gave him as he left the kitchen and put the bottle and the glasses on the table was unsettling.

"It was nice of you to let me come over after what had happened. You must have been pretty shaken up." She motioned him to sit beside her, which he did without replying. "You know you're not a bad guy Mark."

"No?"

"I don't think so." She was wrong, he knew she was wrong and he shook his head. "Don't argue with me." She placed a hand on his shoulder. "I really think you're better off without Marti; she was no match for you." This was not the way it was supposed to be and he didn't know what to say. He couldn't understand how she could suggest that he might have been right or that Marti might have been wrong. She was doing this for a reason and he did not know what it was. To ask why would be futile, for she'd only answer with some platitude. He was not panicking now, he was just feeling tense with the effort to think, and again the phone rang. He went to it slowly, trying to give himself as much time as possible to discover what June wanted from him. But she just watched him as he circled behind her to answer the phone, to stop the ringing.

"Hello." Silence. "Hello?"

It was a small voice which came from a great distance. "Hello, Mark?"

"Yeah?"

"Mark, it's Marti." His voice froze in his throat. "Mark, are you there?"

"Yeah, I'm here, it's me." She couldn't be calling for the album so soon. She had another reason, somehow related to June's. Of course, it was the same as June's.

"Mark I want to talk with you." June saw the look on his face, guessed who was on the phone and went to him. He watched as she grasped his hand and confirmed his suspicion. It was so obvious. They were both so obvious.

Again the soft voice spoke to him. "Mark?"

"Yes." Everything had slowed to its normal pace.

"I'd like to talk to you. If it's okay."

"No, I can't."

"But Mark --"

"Maybe later." He hung up the phone and went to the stereo, gently releasing his hand from June's. He removed Marti's album and replaced it with another.

"Are you all right?"

"Sure." He smiled at June, pitied her, knowing what she was thinking, knowing how she saw him, knowing she was wrong. Why this perception was his alone he did not know. He would not get romantically involved with a pariah, but he supposed he was different, at least from Marti and June. Emotions clouded the reason. Then again, perhaps they just liked to hurt themselves. Either way, he saw what they didn't, he knew what they didn't. It was a very lonely feeling. He sighed.

As Fine Craftsmanship

by John Jones

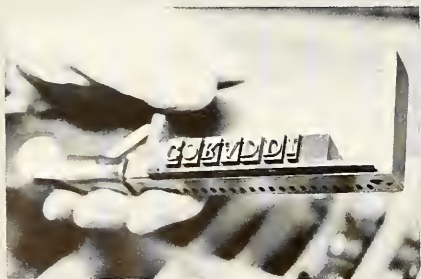
Charles Adams' house on Ridgeway Drive is a very handsome, conventional suburban home: unobtrusive and comfortable among its neighboring counterparts. Walking through the front door, one sees about what one would expect in the house of a cultured man, the retired director of a university library. Mr. Adams is warm and enthusiastic -- his hands and eyes move nearly as quickly as his words, and he speaks very quickly, punctuating his witty conversation with sharp little "Hah!"s. These usually signal a sly remark or pun which the listener may have missed. By the time he leads the way down to his basement, you are captivated by his energy. Flicking on lights, he begins to gesture and describe, and suddenly you are in a world apart from the suburb above you. For the basement of Mr. Adams' house is the home of the Chapman Press. "This place," says Mr. Adams, "is a museum." Then an abrupt "Hah! -- but a museum of activities."

In many ways the room does seem like a museum, perhaps a Smithsonian display of early printing equipment. All of the objects look well-used. Much of the equipment had been picked up very cheaply from printing firms who have made the transition to modern photographic and offset methods and so are only too glad to be rid of the "useless" and very heavy letterpress equipment. Odd cases and dark corners around the room reveal various kinds of small equipment and metal type, some of which has yet to be cleaned and sorted. Two small proofing presses, which operate with a fixed bed and a simple heavy roller, are piled with metal trays and other equipment. Yet the apparent disorganization of this menagerie of dusty metal is balanced by the sight of rows of wide drawers built into a cabinet, which hold the founts of metal type arranged systematically in neat compartments. Across the room from the crowded work area, the main press stands draped with a canvas cloth. This is the showpiece, and

Mr. Adams is especially enthusiastic as he pulls off the cover and prepares to demonstrate his press. It is a beautiful machine, with a smoothly polished platen, a gleaming circular inking plate, and a sewing machine kind of foot pedal. He says that he bought it in working condition for fifty dollars. Seeing his pleasure in operating the press, and the beautiful imbossed quality of letterpress printing it produces, it is clear that he got his money's worth.

Talking all the while about printing and books, Mr. Adams leads us through the entire process of a small printing job. We select a typeface and size from among the rows of drawers, and he begins placing type into a composing stick. While assembling our little "keepsake" message, he opens drawers to display his wide variety of typographic designs and printing blocks. There are whole drawers of printing blocks of drawn images which have been photoengraved, ranging from a tiny dog which is the logo of the Chapman Press to a line drawing by UNC-G's Bert Carpenter.

Continued on Page 22



(clockwise from top left) Mr. Adams begins by placing type into a composing stick. Lines of letters and emblems are arranged in a galley tray and are surrounded by "furniture". Pressure is applied to hold the unit together, which is then placed on the bed of the press.

E. CHRISTENSEN



"He struggles for release, is assertive, becomes a threat to himself, he sees constricting uniformity lose its grip only to be reminded of loneliness and isolation."

From *A Turn Pike Trip*, by Robert Gerhart III

THE BOOK

As Fine Art

by Ric Marshall

As an instructor in the art department here at UNC-G, Bob Gerhart challenges his students to open up their thinking about art. He encourages them to become involved in the *process* of art, to operate on their environment by trying, testing and discarding what doesn't seem to work. It is a very intuitive approach to the creative process, even when assignments are specific. The goal is to take whatever limitations are at hand, self-imposed or otherwise, and to explore those bounds as fully as possible. When the right choices are made by the artist, the result is a pure and simple expression, no matter how complex it might seem.

Such is also the case with Bob Gerhart the artist, particularly as evidenced in his recently published *Turnpike Trip*, a book that reflects a completely non-traditional perspective on the art of the printed page.

"Most of the photographs were taken before the idea of the book had really crystalized. I began working on that in '73, and the specifics developed as I went along. It was finished in 1977. The written description of the "story" was the very last thing I did."

Turnpike Trip is an exploration of a dreamlike fantasy, a sequence of imaginary images that seem to leap out at the "reader" with a force uniquely their own.

This dream-sequence is sparked by a sudden confrontation with authority, as embodied by a patrolman on the highway who has stopped us for no apparent reason. What associations will this event stimulate? What hidden fears shall emerge to haunt us?

It is a book unlike any other. The original art was created solely for reproduction in this form, and although considerable pains were taken in the printing of this book, it is not an expensive thing to buy. It is meant to be read.

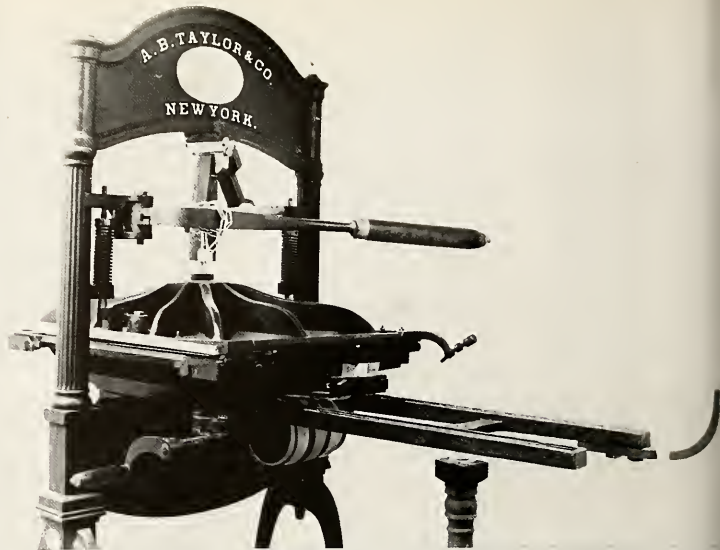
"It's not the book itself that is the art, it is the imagery it contains that is of value." Yet this book is not merely a series of

Continued on Page 23

Once the type-high letters and emblems for our piece are arranged in a gallery tray, they are filled out with lead spacers until all sides of the arrangement present a smooth edge, which is then surrounded by "furniture," or wooden pieces which lie below the level of the faces of the images. The entire arrangement is locked into a metal "chaise," and then placed into the bed of the press.

Thick glistening black ink is smeared onto the inking plate, two large rollers are fitted into place, and the press is ready to roll. Mr. Adams deftly pulls a few copies, getting the swing action of the press started by giving a push to the large metal wheel mounted on the side of the press, then sustaining the momentum with the foot pedal. He mentions that the press operates most efficiently with a "Devil" -- that is, one person to operate the printing (which is messy) and another to handle the paper. He seems to do pretty well by himself, and says that he usually turns out eight or ten copies a minute when working alone.

Following the printing is the inevitable clean-up, which consists mainly of washing down the inked type with Varsol, cleaning off the inking plates and rollers, and giving the press an affectionate rub-down before restoring the cover. Distributing the type back to the proper trays, he shows us some of the work done by the Chapman Press over the years -- Christmas cards, special programs of various sorts, an occasional broadside poem. He says that he considers the Chapman Press a hobby press,



When not in use the "Spring Garden Press" stands on display in Jackson Library, 2nd floor

modestly failing to mention that his imprint is among those in the Printing Collection of the New York Public Library.

Still it must be admitted that the Chapman Press is not a "working" press, and is certainly not in any sense a commercial or even economically viable enterprise -- nor does it purport to be. "With all this," he says, gesturing around the room, "I can do exactly what I want to do -- and when I want to do it." The visual quality of the printed work is the primary concern at the Chapman Press, and in the face of a rapidly fading art, the printing itself takes precedence over what is being printed. Looking at the finished products, one can

understand this attitude, because the tactile and visual effects of the poems and other items are indisputably different from any other modern printing method.

Letterpress printing is a fascinating hobby, and Mr. Adams' activities help to preserve a tradition of high quality. This tradition is carried into the community through the small projects he undertakes in association with certain cultural events, as well as through the advice and experience he can offer other printers. Emmy Mills, whose Spring Garden Press uses the Washington hand press in Jackson Library, works in close association with Mr. Adams. Ms. Mills would call her Spring Garden Press a "job press" in distinction from Mr. Adams' "hobby press," as her printing activities form part of her responsibility as Rare Book Librarian. She has produced bookplates for Special Collections and keepsake items for Friends of the Library cultural events. Although nearly all of the items printed by both these presses would have to be considered ephemeral material, they are significant in that they provide high quality letterpress printing related to the cultural community.

The Chapman Press and the Spring Garden Press are able to turn out printed items of a very high quality partially because of the fact that they are under no constraint as to the economic viability of their product. In terms of commercial efficiency, it would be very difficult to defend the printing

Those interested in obtaining books or lists of books published by the Unicorn Press should write Mr. Brilliant at: P.O. Box 3307, Greensboro, N.C. 27402. Copies of the Unicorn Press Review published while still in California are available in the Jackson Library at UNC-G, as are a number of books printed at Unicorn, including at least three by Thomas Merton.

Other small presses in North Carolina include The Tinker Press at 702 Gimghoul Road, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514; and the Rooster Press of Chapel Hill at 414 Pittsboro Street; according to Frank J. Anderson's *Private Presses in the Southeastern United States*, 1972, which lists over 56 such presses. Mr. Anderson has also recently authored a new bibliographic work on the entire phenomenon of the small press, entitled *Private Presswork*. This book "lists books about private presses, the history of printing, papermaking, libraries and museums with collections of private presses, printers' associations, periodicals of the printing trade, book dealers handling books of instruction, and basic information for the novice." It is available in the Jackson Library or by writing: A.S. Barnes & Co., Inc., P.O. Box 421, Cranbury, New Jersey 08512. The price is \$12.50 (Book number 1876).

Continued on Page 31

reproductions of individual images. The book was indeed planned and executed by Gerhart as a single work, to be printed by commercial offset and distributed in bookstores. As such it relates directly to the tenants of conceptual art, where the artist conceives his or her creation, names it, defines it, influences its make up and birth and moves on.

In opposition to the traditional concept of the book, i.e., a setting down in visual form (type) of a written or verbal narrative (story), *Turnpike Trip* is purely a visual work. It was conceived and executed that way. Its "author" is a painter and a photographer, not a writer.

Gerhart began by assembling the basic flow of photographs, collages and montages, and then proceeded to alter them as necessary to the central idea. Almost every image was first photocopied, then extensively overpainted (using black and white acrylic emulsion paints) and

added to by stenciling or airbrushing.

"One interesting thing is that as I worked on them I became more and more involved with each image, and also my technique became more proficient, so that the latter ones are more dynamic and complex." The images were worked up in the order that they would appear even though the artist was aware of the entire structure early on. Thus we seem to move slowly and uncertainly into the dream sequence, and to return to reality with total decisiveness, precisely as we do in real life.

This is not the first of such works by Mr. Gerhart. Since 1971 he has published three other books as well, *Eyes at Water Level*, *The Wink*, and *Night Trains*. Of the three, *Eyes at Water Level* is most similar to *Turnpike Trip*, as it utilizes much of the same kinds of technique to explore a series of visions and imagined juxtapositions. *The Wink* is really a "flip book" which animates itself as one thumbs through its pages. It is

based on a series of actual movie frames that have been distorted and mutilated by time and mechanical forces. Each frame seems slightly awry, and the effect is both humorous and startling.

It is *Night Trains*, however, that seems most impressive, despite a shoddy printing job for which Gerhart refused to pay. Published in 1973, it is a series of split-image studies of a single spot in a train depot, which explores the changes and occurrences that take place there over a certain period of time. These photographs reveal a delicate and haunting vision of this particular space and time, and are certain to stick in any viewer's mind for quite a time.

The problem of quality of printing for such books is a serious one. In order to sell the book at a reasonable price, it is virtually essential that a commercial printer do the work. Most commercial houses, unfortunately, are simply not set up for such

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MIME TROUPE





An Essay In Pictures

By Anne Windhorst
& Elain Christensen



Identification of members from previous page: 1. Andy Brawn, 2. Keith Nance, 3. Brian Berkley, 4. Cindy Jones, 5. Lynn Brockmann, 6. Amanda Austin, 7. Marianna Thompson, 8. Jeff Kelly, 9. Ed Damron, 10. Laurie Grantham, 11. Robert Pritchard



449 Tate Street
273-4150

Across the street from Aycock
Auditorium and Taylor Theatre

ACROSS THE STREET

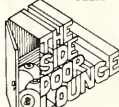
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449 Tate Street Across the Street from Aycock
Auditorium and Taylor Theatre

ACROSS THE STREET

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POOL AND
THE
COLDEST
BEER!"



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The Story of a Captive Artist

by Candy James



It has come to me recently that my art is the art of a captive artist. The first time I ever noticed it was when I looked at a small clay-modeled sculpture I had done. It is one of a nude seated and leaning forward with her arms imprisoned behind her by some material. Her right hand and forearm are emerging as she frees herself from this bondage. You can imagine that this is a strange sight to behold, especially if you are the creator and didn't exactly plan the sculpture but just let it happen. Anyway, five years have passed since then and during the past several months in university classes, I have noticed this same theme arising once again.

First of all, let me say what my philosophy is about art. I believe it can be a record of our insanity -- either the artist's or the model's. Of course, all art isn't like this. There is a lot of very sane art by very sane artists. In the same breath, I'd like to say I hope my art isn't always a record of insanity. I think the captive motif is that, however, somewhat.

The second time I noticed this "posture" was in an afternoon drawing class. I intended to paint with them, so when the model lay down parallel to the wall with my easel at her head, and all the other spaces were occupied by the regular class members, I winced. Now, I don't mind foreshortening, really, but the interior view surrounding her feet and the aft side of the platform was offensive. I might mention that at this point in my painting I wasn't particularly good at zooming the model in closer to fill my canvas, and besides, I felt I shone at interior painting ... not imaginary ones, real ones ... so you see my predicament.

Well at this point I decided to look through my almost closed fingers, thinking perhaps I could block out everything but the model. This really gave a great view, but the distracting background was still present -- or the composition seemed poor, since she was flush up against the wall -- until I turned my hand so that a diamond shape was formed. Her top leg paralleled the top right plane of the diamond, the blanket ran with the bottom left, etc. So, ignoring the possibility of dismay from the instructor or friendly ridicule from the assistant, I painted out the corners of my

canvas with dark paint -- do third graders do this? -- revealing a diamond-shaped canvas, and thus I proceeded to paint.

Looking at this painting in its finished state, a two-way phenomenon occurred. Either she was in a lighted box, or I was in some kind of interior looking out. I shook off the haunting possibility of the latter and forgot it.

Several days later my easel was set up in the same place when the evening class male model assumed a triangular seated position, and then placed one arm up against the wall -- his fingers coming around the pillar I faced. This time I realized that by duplicating the tiny view I saw, through the telescope my fingers made, I could fill up my entire canvas. This wasn't hard because it was a small one. And I did this with guilt about whether I was "placing him in space," a concept I had only recently mastered.

Because the size of the canvas was small I was able to complete the painting in one class period -- a welcome relief from nursing a larger canvas along for several weeks. After several days I took it down from my locker to give it a more unbiased examination, and staring back at me from the canvas was a captive.

He was contained within a space because his head was cropped slightly, his right arm was tense, and his left arm and hand came thrusting toward me -- his fingers clutching around the edge of the wall as though he were going to heave himself right out of there. I shuddered and just thought, "an artist has to paint 'em the way she sees 'em" -- and that's the way he was inside my fingers when I looked in there to see what to paint. So, I thought, it's really the

model who's a captive and not me in a mental transference gambit!

So far, so good, until today. How could anyone get Freudian about doing a painting of her mother? Easy, or not, that's the painting I was doing today. Not from life, mind you, from a photograph. To explain, several months ago I got my mother to sit for me. It's the least an artist's mother can do. I did several paintings of her during the week -- one with her glasses on. They are cataract glasses -- a very unflattering element in a first-time portrait of one's mother -- yet they had a captivating quality about them as they magnified the expression in her eyes; and besides, I figured not many artists would paint, nor models sit in cataract glasses, so at the very least it would be an unusual painting.

She, however, was unconscious of the fact that she had her glasses on, and when she saw the finished painting, well, it hurt her feelings. Not really, I guess -- she has lots more maturity than that -- but the portrait without her glasses was a total failure. She had to leave to catch a plane before I finished that one and I made the awful mistake of continuing to paint on it after she was gone. The only thing she said about it on her next visit was, "How do you paint a person smiling?" Darned if I knew. I told her, I was just a beginner, and the main difficulty of course was with the model, because it's very difficult to hold all those muscles up there in a smiling position -- Why a face can elevate two inches ... it seems. And, I apologized again. She really is a glamour girl when she gets herself together, etc. But, she refused to model for me again. "Two hours was too much," she said. So, in the meantime I devised mentally, if all those early American painters could paint semi-masterpieces from only prints from engravings --

black and white graduations of tones -- surely I could give a go at doing a smiling picture of dear old Mom from one of her photographs. And, I'd use one she had had taken when she was younger to soften those lines, take off those jowls. It would look just like Betty Ford.

Easy to plan, but difficult to do. Nevertheless, surmounting all obstacles, I stayed with it. Now first of all, studio lighting -- some three to five lights strategically placed to enhance a photographic subject --



can do severe damage to your aesthetic sense if you're an artist who's just learned to get all the shadows on one side because natural light only comes from one source, right? Secondly, even with my best effort at duplicating the high value color scheme indicated, no amount of my painting persuasion could change the camera's 110 mm lens view, nor bring believability to the flatness of that outline. With all those glowing skin tones and with smile intact, it still looked like a painting of a picture. I had failed.

Sitting there in the dark that evening, after the sun had dropped from the horizon, I hated to leave it. In an act of contrition I decided to put depth into the picture. That was always a tricky thing to do in a head and shoulders portrait. Wondering if it would turn out gothic or primitive like a limner painting I decided to paint in behind this vision of my mother her much-adored green rug -- I was going to throw it away anyway -- along with the china cupboard she had given me. She was always foolish about china. And, in the other corner, I'd put a ghostly image of her pink velvet sofa. So, I did it in the dark and left.

The next morning I noticed the pink sofa was white and my hastily constructed cupboard looked ethereally like the doorway in Velasquez's "Maid of Honor." Still furious that my talent was too limited to allow me to please my mother in absentia, I decided before I threw it away, at least I would paint in a fur piece around her shoulders. She loved fur. She bought herself a fur stole when my father thought we couldn't afford it and hid it in the closet for weeks before she had the nerve to wear it.

After that, I noticed a low key portrait of a friend that was sitting in the corner, and decided I might as well try those skin tones on her since I didn't have anything to lose at this point. They really didn't look so bad! There was still that funny looking color blob in her forehead, but how could I know, if I took it out, if the expression in that eye would change, and how could I ever put it back?

Even though I hadn't taken any pains to do the eyes carefully, they had a look that was rather captivating. And, I noticed that again, as in an earlier portrait of a neighbor I had done, the right side of her face and the left side looked like separate views of the same woman. In fact, there seemed to be great distortion in the left side --

a crazy manner -- but, then, we all have two sides to ourselves, do we not?

So, what was I to name this painting, since by this time I had decided to keep it -- although I wasn't sure I was going to show it to her. She probably wouldn't recognize herself anyway. I had removed the smile again! Maybe, I thought, I could just name it something from her expression or the room. She seemed to be thinking. Something pleasant on the one side of her face.

Something self-alerting one the other ... like "I Think I'll Go Out for Groceries!" As though she were mad with somebody, or it was something she *had* to do! She really seemed more anxious than that, almost desperate, but I couldn't get a mental picture of what she was saying to herself.

I couldn't go back to the idea of naming it "The Artist's Mother," or "Mother of the Artist No. 2." I'd probably do plenty of pictures of my mother and I'd never keep them straight naming them all the same thing. I stared at the painting some more. The fur piece over her head had taken on the appearance of a handsome coat. But that didn't make good sense -- having her coat on inside unless she wanted to go outside. I had it! "I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!" But *why* would my mother want to leave a room containing all her favorite things?! The only thing I could imagine was that she did not feel free to leave, or free to stay ...

I wonder if there are a lot of people who would rather be somewhere else than where they actually are, and if their inner souls feel as caged as mine apparently does.

THE BOOK AS FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

Continued from Page 22

methods being described when opposed to the mass production methods which are nearly universal in the publishing industry today. Is there a place and need for commercial publishing based on letterpress printing?

Alan Brilliant would answer that with a resounding "Yes!" Since 1973, Greensboro has been graced with the presence of the Unicorn Press, run by Mr. Brilliant and Teo Savory, a noted translator and author of children's books. The books produced by Unicorn Press are studies in the art of the book; they are hand printed in a press basically similar to that of Mr. Adams, hand sewn and bound, cased into Unicorn-produced covers, and advertised, stored and distributed -- all from a house which is the home of both the Unicorn Press and its owners!

Only high quality papers, inks, typefaces, and binding materials are used in Unicorn Press books. The economic secret of this operation lies in its nearly total control over the book-producing process from start to finish. Alan explains, "Nearly half of the business investment in an individual book that we sell is in my labor to print, bind and distribute it. And my personal labor is, of course, relatively immune to inflation." Consequently, Unicorn Press is able to produce handprinted hand-sewn books on permanent paper at a very reasonable price. Being his own boss, Alan can adjust format of the book to fit the content. Unicorn is currently putting out a series of "folded broadsides," which offers a visually interesting layout of a poem on a single large printed page, folded into a pamphlet format which allows for convenient storage and distribution.

For the writer, one of the unique and valuable aspects of publishing with a small press such as Unicorn is the amount of input one is able to have regarding the physical form in which the work is to appear. Unicorn Books are often published in editions of 500, which is "small-time" compared to the huge publishing operations with which it must compete for sales. Yet the chance to be in touch with the book-producing process, and the prospect of association with books which are in

themselves nearly works of art, seems to be a part of a large appeal evident for the small press publishing route.

The growing concerns about economic monopolies, "big is better," and the deterioration of quality often associated with such bigness, are issues that contribute to an atmosphere very conducive to the business philosophy of someone like Alan Brilliant. He does not come across as a reactionary or an escapist who ignores the technology which threatens him, but rather as someone who is aware of the unique and challenging position he plays in the economy, and who thrives on the genuine freedom he has gained from constricting patterns which determine so much of the economic activity in this country. A business analyst might tell you that the manual labor and individual care required to produce Unicorn books make them an economic catastrophe. But the next time you buy an overpriced paperback book whose pages fall out and whose text is in a dull, grayish type on paper which is already starting to turn yellow, give yourself a treat: go out and buy a book from a fine private press. You might be amazed at the difference, and discover what a truly beautiful physical object a book can be.

CORADDI
Happy New Year



1979





THE BOOK AS FINE ART

Continued from Page 23

a critical job, particularly when more than one press run is called for. In *Turnpike Trip*, for example, Gerhart used a duotone process. Each picture was printed twice, once with a straight black ink for part of the image, then with a warm black for the remainder. This yields a much greater range of detail, and is used by a number of important photography magazines such as the Aperture Series. It is, however, a difficult process to get exactly right, and calls for considerably more care and effort than most commercial printers can economically afford to give.

This approach to the printed book as a work of art is quite new, beginning perhaps with certain works by Man Ray in the late 1950's and early 60's and gathering full steam in the work of Edward Ruscha. Ruscha's first effort, called *Various Small Fires (and a glass of milk)*, heralded a series of explorations of various common objects through groups of photographs assembled in book form. These were bound exactly as printed, even to the inclusion of blank pages where the artist's vision failed to coincide with the "proper" number of pages in a given signature.

As is true with much of contemporary art, no one can really predict where this idea may lead. For Bob Gerhart, interestingly enough, it has led back to painting. Anxious to explore both the interrelationships of color and the development of geometric painting, he feels that *Turnpike Trip* will probably be his last book, at least for awhile. Instead he will be working more along the lines of the recent paintings he has exhibited in the Weatherspoon Gallery.

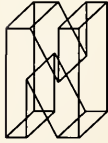
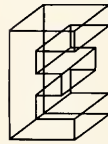
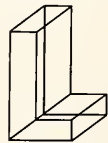
Those interested in Mr. Gerhart's book will find them listed in the catalogs of both Printed Matter, 105 Hudson St., New York, N.Y. 10013 (212)-925-0325, and the Light Impressions Corporations, 131 Gould St., Rochester, N.Y. 14610 (716) 271-8960. *Turnpike Trip* is also available on a limited basis in the UNC-G Bookstore for \$6.95, and may also be examined at SECCA (The Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art) in Winston-Salem. Printed Matter, Inc., is located in Soho, and is the world's largest distributor of artists' books. Most of Edward Ruscha's books are also available in Jackson Library.



N.C. Museum of Art

Impressionism in 19th Century Prints Poland: West Meets East
March 4-April 1
Impressions by Touch
Mary Duke Biddle Gallery for the Blind..... February 25-May 6
41st N.C. Artists Exhibition
April 1-May 6
Systems
Collector's Gallery
February 18-March 11
Recent Work by 1974-1977 N.C. Artists Exhibition Award Winners
Collector's Gallery
April 8-May 6
Treasures from the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts
April 22-June 3

The N.C. Museum of Art is located at 107 East Morgan Street in Raleigh. Museum hours are 10-5 Tuesday-Saturday, 2-6 Sunday.



Garden Studio Gallery

Ken MacKeraghan & Michael Thompson..... through April 1
Mediated Media
Exhibition Show..... March 25
Accessories by Joana Phillips, 2
1, gallery area.
Wyn Moss, Graphics
and Karen Reed, Ceramics
through April 30

Garden Studio Gallery is located at 5605 Tomahawk Drive in Greensboro, 855-8165.

C/LS

Chace Orchestra..... March 16
Support Jazz Festival..... March 17
Steve Barnes..... March 27
The Acting Company..... April 6

All shows are being presented at the Aycock Auditorium at 8:15 pm. Tickets are available to students at a special price. Show days prior to every show for .50 cash valid I.D.

Rockland Art Museum

"Shall Save One Land Unvisited"
Seven Photographers of the New South..... March 18-April 15
An excellent show that has previously shown at SECCA.
Center of Fine Arts Exhibition
April 22-29

Rockland Art Museum is located on the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Green Hill Art Gallery

Elma Johnson..... March 4-April 6
Ceramics
Jim Gallucci..... March 4-May 31
Sculpture (in the Government PLAZA).
Jewelry 9 Artists..... Mar 29-April 27
Ben Berns..... March 29-May 26
Sculpture (in the Gallery Yard)
N.C. Art in Greensboro Collections
March 4-April 8
Maureen Banker, David Jernigan, Annette Marsland, Jean Wall Penland..... March 4-April 6
Etchings
Springs Mills Traveling Exhibition
April 12-May 3

Green Hill Art Gallery, a member of the Arts Council, recently completed its move to 200 North Davie Street in uptown Greensboro. Gallery hours are 10-5 Tuesday-Friday and 2-5 Saturday and Sunday.

SECCA

Six Painters..... March 3-April 18
Herb Jackson, Aaron Karp, Jerald Mask, Arthur Orr, Eric Stordahl, and Terry Weldon
Irving Marcus..... March 3-April 18
Artist-In-Residence
David Heany..... March 3-April 18
Sculpture
Larry Millard..... March 3-July 15
Metal sculpture
Larry Brown..... March 28-May 16
Photography
Herb Cohen, Painting
Mei Justus, Ceramic Sculpture
April 12-May 30

High Point Theatre & Exhibition Center

North Carolina Dance Theatre:

March 26, 10 am & 1 pm;
March 27, 10 am & 8 pm

North Symphony with Eugene Fodor
March 28 at 8 pm

High Point Theatre is located at 220 East Commerce in High Point. The Box Office number is (919)887-3001.

Community Theatre of Greensboro

The Solid Gold Cadillac
March 29-31

Community Theatre plays are presented in the Carolina Theatre, 310 South Greene Street. Information concerning times and ticket prices can be obtained by calling 274-9612.

N.C. School of the Arts

Want to attend the School of the Arts during the 1979 Summer Session? Applications are being accepted now through June 1, though openings in dance and drama fill up quickly. For information concerning what is required for admission, write or call:

Office of Summer Sessions
P.O. Box 12189
Winston-Salem, N.C. 27107

And you who were to live between the worlds, to fall,
to fall and begin on curves curved through the
space of existence and yet lights of space -- their dreams
and the acts carried on in
the knowledge that no one
had been lost

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